

## THE NORTH WIND.

BY ALFRED R. STREET.

From comes the current from the north!  
Blue shines the sky, clouds scudding there!  
Houses from their sleep and wander forth  
And taste the sweetness of the air!

Leave the dull city streets behind!  
Launch out upon the continent wide!  
Plunge to the white sea of the wind  
And swim wherever floats its tide!

The north wind, oh how sweet, though cold!  
The north wind, fount of joy and health!  
Not often has thy word been told,  
Exhaustion through thy stores of wealth.

The east wind, chilly, rapid, damp;  
How weary lag the cheerless hours!  
The sun is but a sickly lamp,  
But no more weeds the loveliest flowers.

Rain, rain, throughout the shadowy day,  
At night, the same unvarying doom:  
Earth in the first, dull, drenched and gray,  
And in the last a dreary gloom.

The south wind, warm, relaxing, flows  
The tepid gulf stream of the air!  
From climes where endless summer glows  
And flowers are heaped up everywhere.

A torpor to the blood it yields,  
Steals strength from even the strongest frame;  
Much o'er its icy lips the winter wilds,  
And flees its victim's claim.

The west wind melts in peach-sweet scents,  
Breath of the flowers through downy skies,  
As in it furl the clouds their tents,  
The snows sink beneath its sighs.

The north wind, how its currents draw!  
Welcome its honest, genial breath!  
It sweeps the fog and mists away,  
But it brings its own kind of death.

Hurrah! Hurrah! It whistles blithely!  
Hurrah! It sings the tingling dithy!  
It eases the skin as cuts the scythe!  
But oh, its kiss, how sweet and fresh!

Up, up the screaming, icy cry!  
With, through the pine-tree snow and swings!  
Though the air streams as steamy rain,  
While with the storm of winter's wings.

Woe, breast the torrent of the blast!  
Reverend with its scream! run, plunge and bound!  
Until your blood pours hot and fast,  
And all your frame in billows is drowned!

Swing to the hemlock's shivering fringe!  
Give head-deep in the scattering snow!  
Though craves nature shake and cringe,  
And fain would drive your steps below.

Shun the red heart! A glow more sweet  
The north wind's freezing pinions bear!  
Winter's warm sparks are whistling fast,  
His fireless is the open air.

## A SMALL BOY.

"Oh! I say, she's out," said small Ned, as he opened the door. "She's gone to the dressmaker's, but she'll be back soon, 'cause she's got to frill her hair for dinner. Come in and wait."

I accepted the invitation, and installed myself in the easiest chair in the parlor, after rolling it to the bay-window, so as to command a view of the street, while Ned "hissed" himself, as he called it, on a marble-topped table beside me, and sat there, with the crisp cheekiness of early boyhood, whistling and swinging his feet.

Ned was a chap of 10 years, with a remarkable memory—as I was fated to discover—the youngest brother of Miss Victoria Conrad; and Miss Victoria Conrad was a handsome, dashing, clever girl whom I had met at a picnic the preceding summer, and with whom I had immediately fallen desperately in love.

I use the word "desperately" advisedly, for it was my first serious entanglement, and my charmer, being a thorough mistress of the arts by which young and susceptible male hearts are subjugated, had intruded me most completely.

True, before I cast myself at her feet, I had felt a great tenderness for a sweet little third or fourth cousin of mine—a slight, pale young girl, with hair of the faintest gold, and eyes of the softest blue, and an innocent, trusting, child-like look in her pretty face.

But beside Miss Conrad, with her magnificent form, glorious auburn tresses, and wonderful big black eyes, Miss Newton faded into insignificance. It was as though one placed a delicate, cream-colored lily in the same vase with a gorgeous, flame-dashed-with-crimson-leaved, brown-throated gladiolus.

And so I found, on becoming acquainted with Miss Conrad, that my feeling for May, which had existed since our earliest childhood, was only a tenderness, while my feeling for Victoria, although but three months old, already amounted to a passion.

But, in spite of my infatuation for the latter, I was not blind to the fact that she was a finished coquette, and I didn't chafe like the way, after the very decided encouragement she had given me, she flirted with my intimate friend Charley Thornton. Sometimes, indeed, it flashed upon me that there had been a love affair between them which had not entirely ended even now, and it was after one of these flashes I had sought her house, determined to discover what her real feelings toward me were, and resolved that when I left her it should be either as an accepted or rejected suitor.

To speak frankly, I had every reason to believe, in spite of the flashes, it would be as an accepted one. For, as much as Thornton was distinguished by Miss Conrad above her other admirers, just so much had I been of late distinguished above Thornton. And we two were equal in age, looks, family, education, and (our lady-love thought) fortune. I say our lady-love thought, for the truth was, compared to me, Charley was poor. How rich I was I had taken care should not be known; for, though only three-and-twenty, I had already grown tired of a single life, with its attendant boarding houses, and was looking for a wife, with a view to a comfortable home of my own.

And like Lord Burleigh and other romantic poetical fellows, I wanted to be loved for myself alone.

Only Charley Thornton knew of my recently inherited wealth, and him I had bound by all that is sacred in friendship not to disclose it.

"So in singling me out for favor," I argued, "Victoria lends me to suppose she loves me. And, if she consents to be my wife, that supposition will turn into a happy certainty, for she certainly, with her beauty and talents, might make a much finer match than the one I offer her. And what delight it will be, when the words are said that seal my happiness and make her all my own, to see her resplendent eyes grow larger and brighter as she leans that in accepting a few thousands she has become the mistress of half a million!"

But to go back to the small boy, swinging his feet and evidently anxious to enter into conversation.

"I say," he blurted out at last, "do you like to look at photographs? Charley Thornton does. He and Vic looked at this book"—taking one from the table

on which he sat—"for more'n an hour the other day. I like him. He gave me two white mice and a guinea-pig; the cat ate the white mice, and the guinea-pig's dead. But they wasn't looking at it all the time either. They was talking. Your picture's there, you know. His coaxed Vic to put it somewhere else."

"Why?" I asked, ceasing to watch for the coming of my divinity, and turning toward the small boy with awakened curiosity.

"Cause," said Ned, evidently trying to repeat the very words—"cause he couldn't bear even his picture to have always before it the face of his rival, his successful—yes, that's it—his successful rival."

My heart gave a bound. She did love me, then. Poor Charley! "And what reply did your sister make to that?" I asked.

"Oh! she said 'nonsense,' but she took the picture out—Charley's, you know—and he kissed her hand, and she carried it up to her room, and it's there now, hanging between the 'Huguenot' and 'His Only Friend.' He's a poor barefooted boy a-lying fast asleep in the road, and his only friend's a dog—one of them big fellows, you know."

"Yes, yes," I interrupted, rather impatiently; "I know all about it. Ned, evidently somewhat offended, was silent for about three minutes, and then began again. "Oh, my! didn't they talk that day! Vic sent word to everybody else that came that she was out. Wasn't that a whopper? I was snuggled up on the sofa over in that dark corner there, and they didn't see me, and I heard every word they said. Wouldn't Vic have boxed my ears if she'd caught me?"

"I wonder what they talked of," I said to myself, with a jealous qualm—to tell the truth, I'd been a little staggered by the picture episode; and then, though it wasn't exactly the right thing to do, although certainly excusable in a case like this, where a man's whole happiness was at stake, I made up my mind if possible to find out.

"Ned," said I, "I saw a splendid knife the other day—six blades."

"Six blades!" repeated Ned, his eyes sparkling.

"Yes, or five blades and a file, I don't remember which. It was a beauty, though, and if I wasn't afraid you'd cut yourself with it, I'd buy it and give it to you."

"Cut myself!" said the small boy, with infinite scorn. "I ain't a baby."

"Well," said I, "the knife shall be yours." And then I continued, in a nonchalant manner: "What was it you said your sister and Mr. Thornton were talking about?"

"I didn't say nothing," said Ned. "When'll you bring the knife?"

"You shall have it to-morrow," I replied. "Did they say anything about me, for instance?"

"Oh, lots!" said Ned, starting off rapidly. "Charley said, 'Oh, Vic, you'd never have given me up if I hadn't told you how rich he was. What a fool I've been! I might have known that that would have been too much of a—let me see: 'Lead us not into temptation; temptation for such a girl as you are. Good heavens!' and he grabbed hold of his hair just as though he was going to pull it all out;" and the small boy suited the action to the word, and tugged at his own curly locks with such an assumption of desperation as brought the tears into his eyes. "Good heavens! he says, 'how selfish and cruel you are! I'm sure I don't know how I can love you. Are you going to marry him?' And Vic says, 'I am.'"

"Oh! you are," thinks the attentive listener.

"It would be awful silly," she says, "the small boy rattles on, 'for us to get married. I might think I was happy for a little while, 'cause I believe I love you as well as I could love anybody, and then I'd be jolly miserable, for I must have a real-skin jacket and a new switch, and hair like mine costs like—Oh no; that's what she said to me this morning. I mean she says: 'For I never could be happy without a fine house, and a carriage, and all sorts of nobby things,' and ever so much more I can't remember. 'And so be a good boy,' she says, 'and console yourself with May Newton. She likes you, I'm sure, and she is a sweet little thing, and would make you an excellent wife.'"

"I don't believe she ever will, then," I muttered between my teeth. "Go on, Ned."

"No, she wouldn't," says Charley; "and as for her liking me, you never were more mistaken in your life; or, if she does like me, it is because I am the friend of the man she loves—Arthur Bell!"—"I'm Arthur Bell!"—"yes, she loves him as dearly as I do you, and has loved him for years. It was for his sake she refused handsome Phil Akers, to say nothing of that rich old bachelor Quimby, that all the other girls are pulling caps for. Poor little wretch! I know how to pity her. 'You'll both recover,' says Vic, 'and ten chances to one, fall in love with each other. There's nothing like catching a ball on the bounce.'"

"A heart on the rebound," I think you mean, Ned," I say, with astonishing calmness.

"Well, perhaps I do," assents the small boy, whistling a couple of bars of "Yankee Doodle" thoughtfully. "Anyhow," ending with a false note that makes me shudder, "Vic stuck to it she'd marry you, 'cause you was so slap-bang-set-em-up-again rich; and Charley smashed his hat on his head and walked out of the room like this," and, slipping from the table, the small boy seized my hat from my hand, literally "smashed" it upon his curly head, and strode out into the hall in such a melodramatic manner that I smiled in spite of myself.

When he returned I left the easy-chair—not quite as much at ease as when I sat down in it—took possession of my hat, restored it as nearly as possible to its original shape, and said, "Ned, you've been remarkably entertaining—in fact, I never met such an entertaining small boy before; but I won't wait any longer. Give my respects to your sister."

"Don't you mean your love?" asks Ned, with wide-open eyes, and adds, confidentially, "Oh! come now, you needn't be bashful. I know all about it, you know."

"I don't mean my love," I say, most emphatically.

"And when'll you come again?"

"Impossible to tell."

"But the knife—the one with six blades, or five blades and a file?"

"I'll send it to-morrow morning early."

"You're a trump!" exclaims the small boy, cutting a caper. "And, I say, when you marry Vic and ask me out to your country-house to spend my vacation, will you give me a boat and a Shetland pony—one of them really jolly ones with hair hanging all over their eyes?"

"When I marry Vic, I will," I promise solemnly. "Good-by."

But I never marry Vic.

Mr. Quimby, the rich old bachelor, does, though; and a precious time, they say, she has with the cranky, hot-tempered, asthmatic old fellow.

My wife has soft blue eyes and faint, golden hair; and I have come to the conclusion that a delicate, cream-colored lily is much to be preferred to a gorgeous, flame-dashed-with-crimson-leaved, brown-throated gladiolus. —*Harper's Weekly.*

## TRAMPS.

Some Interesting Revelations of Tramp Life.

The chief of the State detective force of Massachusetts, says the *New York World*, has enlisted his annual report with an account of an expedition undertaken by two of his subordinates last summer which reads like the skeleton record out of which some of Le Sage's stories of the adventures of roving rascals have been elaborated. These detectives set out early in July with the intention of learning something of tramp life through actual experience among the jovial vagabonds who are picking up a living all over the country without toiling or spinning, depending mainly upon gathering into barns. They transformed themselves into members of that careless fraternity whose anthem is the old song with the ungrammatical refrain:

A light heart and a thin pair of breeches  
Goes over the world, my boys!

and traversed Western Massachusetts. They had plenty of goodly company from the beginning of their journey, and soon fell into a gang of twenty tramps. They met at a rendezvous in a certain woods, forming a motley band made up of all nationalities, and a single extract from the officers' diary throws a gleam of light over their vagabond mode of life:

July 14.—We divided into four squads, each of which was to take its turn in providing food for the gang. The Germans went out to-day and returned with a small pig, nine chickens, a quantity of eggs and bread, all of which, with the exception of the bread, was stolen. They carried with them fish-hooks and lines, which they used for catching chickens, simply by putting on a kernel of corn for bait. In some instances when they have enough rum, they soak bread with it and feed the fowls, which are in a condition to be easily captured.

On the march the gang divided into four parties and pursued different roads, moving for an appointed place of rendezvous, and using red and blue chalk to mark the routes for the guidance of stray comrades. The whole tendency of the testimony is to the effect that there is a certain system and organization among tramps, and that they live less by imposing upon the credulity of honest people than by petty stealing. At the time of the detectives' expedition, however, the extent of attending the railroad riots was at its height, and some of the wandering hands exhibited a recklessness and hardihood that only needed an opportunity to break into violence and crime. From the instances in which nationality is given no bad pre-eminence can be assigned to any particular class, and all ages seem inclined to a life of disreputable idleness, though the old men are most successful in soliciting charity, as they have the most pathetic tales of suffering ever at command, and long practice has given them great dramatic skill in the rehearsal of their woes. The conclusions of the officers on the point to which their special attention was directed, namely, the disposition of tramps to earn their living by hard work, are very valuable. They say:

During all the time we were engaged in tramping we made it our business, at the sign, and we can never allow such an event to take us by surprise. We must come to some understanding. The minutes of Seymour's conversations with the Emperor were duly transmitted to the English Government, and were by the Ministry laid before Parliament during the discussions that immediately preceded the declaration of war against Russia. The phrase by which Nicholas had designated the Turkish power was so apt that it was at once caught up by press and people, and "The Sick Man of the East" became the established sobriquet of the Sublime Porte.

The Pension System.

There is now under consideration by the Committee on Pensions in the lower house of Congress a bill to reorganize the entire pension system of the Government. It provides for the appointment of a commission of three persons, two of whom shall be surgeons, in each of sixty pension districts into which the United States shall be divided, who shall make investigations of claims for pensions, make surgical examinations, and compel the attendance of witnesses. This is recommended by the Commissioner, as the Government in granting pensions now acts conclusively upon *ex parte* evidence furnished by the claimant. It is also proposed to have every pensioner in what are known as invalid cases examined once in two years, so that if the invalidity for which the pension was granted, as is often the case, shall cease to exist, the pensioner may be dropped from the rolls. This bill is in harmony with the suggestions of the Commissioner of Pensions in his last annual report.

Artesian Wells.

Artesian wells number 1,000 in California. Of these 300 are in Santa Clara valley, fifty miles from San Francisco. Most of them overflow the surface, and the tubes average seven inches in diameter. The local resources of artesian water are now mapped out. Under the valley runs a broad river, coming from the great lakes of the Sierras, 200 miles off. The pressure from 6,000 feet elevations suffices to throw the water above the surface. The depth of the bore runs from 150 to 250 feet. Outside the boundaries of this subterranean river—several miles wide—no depth of boring has struck artesian water. There is reason to believe that every valley in the State has an underground river, leading direct from the same lakes, and lying below the superficial currents that have no direct connection with any elevated reservoirs.

Tramp serial quickstep is what they call a hanging in Kansas.

## HORRORS AT SEA.

Frightful Sufferings of a Ship's Crew—Canibals on Board.

The narrative of the sufferings of the crew of the schooner Sallie M. Steelman, who recently arrived at New York on the schooner Speedwell, is so horrible in detail that it sounds more like a chapter from a sensational sea novel than a stern reality. For seven days they had no sustenance except coffee, and then one of the crew was shot in a row, and the survivors cooked and ate him.

On the afternoon of Dec. 30, when about twenty miles to the southeast of Cape Hatteras, they were caught in a terrific gale from the northwest, and were literally at its mercy for seventy hours.

On the 9th of January the colored man, George Seaman, became almost delirious and would occasionally leave his berth and wander around the decks. Early on the morning of the 30th he turned out of his bunk and came upon deck. He first met the Captain, and, after talking in an incoherent way, threatened to shoot him. The Captain walked away from him, and then Seaman went to the fore-cabin. When he was inside he called on Walter Sampson, another colored man, and ordered him to get up or he would shoot him in his bunk. Sampson got up and put on his things and came back toward the door, but before he got there Seaman put his hand in his pocket to pull his pistol, and Sampson shot him.

After being shot Seaman rushed to the deck, but fell dead in his tracks when he had gone but a few steps. The crew, it seems, let the body lay for four hours, during which time the proposition that the dead man's flesh be eaten was discussed. Then Sampson was given an ax by the mate, and, approaching the corpse, severed the head from the body.

The head was wrapped in canvas and thrown overboard. Barrett then stripped off as much of the flesh from the legs and trunk as he could, and, when he finally ceased the butchery, the flesh was placed in a barrel and salted down, and the mutilated carcass was wrapped in canvas and thrown overboard. Some of the flesh was immediately thrown into a pot, parboiled, and then fried in a pan.

Most of the crew turned sick at the thought of such unnatural food, but their hunger at length prevailed over their conscience and revulsion of taste, and they partook of two meals. Their experience of the cannibalistic repast was varied, Barrett, who butchered the corpse, and who ate about a pound and a half of the flesh, declaring it tasted as "good as any beefsteak he ever eat."

The necessity for such food ended on the following day, when, after forty-five days of awful suffering, the crew of the dismantled and fast-sinking vessel sighted the Speedwell, and soon were safe on board the vessel and bound for New York.

The Sick Man of the East.

This striking phrase, as applied to the Ottoman power, is believed to have originated with the Emperor Nicholas. In a conversation with the British Minister, Sir George Seymour, in 1844, the Emperor said: "We have on our hands a sick man, a very sick man. It will be a great misfortune, I tell you frankly, if one of these days he should happen to die before the necessary arrangements were made. But this is not the time to speak to you of that." In another interview, a few days later, Nicholas said: "Turkey in the condition which I have described has by degrees fallen into such a state of decrepitude that, as I told you the other night, eager as we all are for the prolonged existence of the man (and that I am as desirous as you can be for the continuation of his life I beg you to believe), he may suddenly die on our hands." A week later the Emperor resumed the subject, saying: "I think your Government does not well understand my object. I am not so eager to determine what shall be done when the sick man dies as I am to determine with England what shall not be done upon that event taking place. I repeat to you that the sick man is dying, and we can never allow such an event to take us by surprise. We must come to some understanding."

The minutes of Seymour's conversations with the Emperor were duly transmitted to the English Government, and were by the Ministry laid before Parliament during the discussions that immediately preceded the declaration of war against Russia. The phrase by which Nicholas had designated the Turkish power was so apt that it was at once caught up by press and people, and "The Sick Man of the East" became the established sobriquet of the Sublime Porte.

Anecdotes of the Late Pope.

The gossips told of his having been a Free Mason; and of his having fallen in love with a beautiful English girl what time he wore the breastplate of the Guardia Nobile. History recorded of him that he, when elected Pope, warned his steward: "When I was Bishop I spent \$1 a day for personal expenses; now that I am Cardinal I spend \$1.50, and now that I am Pope you must not go beyond \$2; that he received favorably the petition of the old market-gardener, who, having lost his horse, walked boldly into the palace to beg one from the Quirinal stables; that, when a majority of the balls cast into the ballot-box by his councillors on the question of an amnesty were black, he placed his white cap over them and said, "Now they are all white;" that in the early days of his administration the rage for the Papal colors, yellow and white, was such that boiled eggs were a breakfast de regie with Romans. How he kept to the last his kindly humor and caustic wit, is it not recorded? "My daughter," he said to a tall American girl, "one blessing is not enough for you—I must give you two." "They say women are the most beautiful," he said, as one day he halted with a brilliant train of dignitaries of the church before a splendid peacock in the garden; "no, no; it is our sex that is always the most brilliant."

"What!" he said, as he threw away a book wherein the pious author spoke of a saintly character who could not escape one snare—that of marriage; "shall it be said that the church has six sacraments and a snare?" When a soldier of the French garrison asked the Pope to say a mass for him personally, with no other auditor present, in the Pope's own chapel, his Holiness consented, and bade him come on the morrow. "To-morrow I must see some of

the boys off," replied the soldier; "but next day, Pope, I'm your man." "Very well," said the Pope, "make it next day." Not long after his return in 1850 a charming young English lady was out sketching with a maid near the Porta Pia. The Pope came out in his carriage, descended, and began to take his usual walk. The maid, having gone to ask his blessing, returned to say that his Holiness would gladly give his hand to be kissed to her young English mistress. "Indeed," said that lady with a loss of her heretical head, "I think my hand better worth kissing than his."

The Pope, who had approached unseen and overheard this speech, laughed gently and said, to her great confusion, "That's perfectly true; but you will allow an old man to bless you nevertheless."

SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURE.

The Confessions of a Gentleman Farmer.

(From the Springfield Republican.)

The steady-going granger, who, with old-time methods and a conservative avoidance of all book-keeping experiments, gets a comfortable living from the soil and even adds a little to his bank account each year, will read in the *January Agriculturist* with unforgotten delight the story of the farming exploits of "one of them city fellows" with high notions of scientific agriculture. The "city fellow" in question is Col. Waring, so widely and pleasantly known through his magazine writings on agriculture and the various economies of rural life, and the particular tale referred to is a summary of his ten years' experience in running the famous Ogden farm. Col. Waring's narrative is certainly very ingenious, and combines much that may profit and instruct both the would-be gentleman farmer and him whose birthright is the farm.

Some of the Colonel's easy nonchalance in telling the story of his agricultural losses is due, we suspect, to the fact that another man furnished the money with which to carry out his notions. This generous provider of the means of ideal farming dealt out his cash with unstinted hand, and nothing that could possibly be thought of to better or increase results was lacking for need of funds. Now, at the end of ten years, the balance-sheet foots up on the debtor side \$125,057, to a credit of \$18,025 less, which represents the net loss. To begin with, the farm of seventy-three acres was quite run down when the Colonel took it. Among the items of expense are farm and buildings, \$30,202; labor, \$16,802; implements, \$5,000; seed, \$28,000; live stock, \$20,531; upon the other side of the account are live stock disposed of, \$32,531; live stock on hand, \$13,399; produce sold, \$23,331; and good-will, \$10,000. To begin with this showing that live stock was Col. Waring's strong point, and the raising of blooded cows and the making of superior butter stand out as the conspicuous successes in this expensive farming venture. Indeed, the breeding of Jerseys is the Colonel's particular hobby, and it is on the sale of these aristocratic animals and of their butter at fancy prices that his hope of ever redeeming his losses in the future rests.

The moral of Col. Waring's farm romance is that running a farm on purely business principles, with all the seductive but expensive appliances that may be had in the way of conveniences, is pretty apt to end in loss. He conceives, however, that farming on a still grander scale than his attempt, and extensive enough for the commercial element to support the industrial, might be made to pay; but, as a rule, farming, to be profitable, must be done in the limited way that will allow the farmer and his family to do most of the work. And the Colonel adds still another word in behalf of his pet Jerseys. Any dairy farmer, he says, who will take the pains to cross his stock with this improved breed will certainly augment the profits of his butter-making; while if he breeds a good quality of pure-blooded stock there is money in that, and the field for breeders of first-rate reputation is steadily extending. Compressing all the dearly-bought wisdom of his agricultural experience into a sentence, this most interesting representative of the class of gentlemen farmers, in conclusion, says: "To do what is done in the best way that can be afforded, and to send to market the very best class of goods that can be produced, seems to me the means by which good and prudent farming is to be made profitable."

The Population of New York.

The State census of New York for 1875, just published, gives the total population at 4,698,958. The native born number 3,503,350, the foreign 1,195,658, and the colored 56,121. Of the total population of the State 3,202,060 were born within the State, leaving a population of 1,496,898 as born in other States and countries. Of the latter 517,377 came from Ireland, 367,351 from the German empire, and 119,090 from England. The growth of the city over rural population appears to be marked in New York as anywhere else. Thus, while in ten years the cities and suburbs have increased at the rate of 34.93 per cent, the rural districts do not appear to have increased more than 1.99. The total number of voters in the State is 1,141,462, of whom 747,280 are natives and 394,182 of foreign birth.

The Progressive Japs.

The Japanese are getting along swimmingly with their Postoffice Department, and hope soon to get it upon a paying basis. For the year ending June 30, 1877, over 38,000,000 articles were carried at a cost of \$794,352, while the receipts were \$897,845. There are now 3,744 postoffices, and the mail routes extend over 34,000 miles—a great increase over the figures for 1876. The Japs have all the conveniences of postal cards and money-orders, and are ahead of us in the postal savings banks, in which \$60,000 are deposited. The great economical point of the Japanese institution is the low salaries of the postmasters, which are less than \$25 each.

England's Military Force.

The following is the effective land force that England might call into the field at short notice:

Regular army (22,000 of these serving at present in India).....180,000  
Reserve and auxiliary forces.....346,000  
Indian colonial troops.....127,000  
Colonial militia, volunteers, etc.....81,000  
The trained militia of Canada and the contingents furnished by native Indian states are not included in the above.

## THE LOST METROPOLIS.

BY ARTHUR D. RICHARDSON.

"Morning papers!—Two hundred lives lost!"

A bit of type, a newboy's cry,  
A passing glance, perhaps a sigh  
At what is written there,  
A looking stern, a coast of dread!  
A shipwreck, and two hundred dead—  
The old, the young, the fair.

The hopes of better days ahead,  
Of comfort's store, of warmth and bread  
For dear ones left on shore,  
A sinking ship, one thought alone  
Of orphan's fears, of widow's moan,  
One cry, and all is o'er.

A happy home, with tender ties,  
Aunt's "dear," a brother's sigh,  
A welcome just ahead,  
An infant born on mother's breast  
As white as gleams the breaker's crest  
That shrouds the cold, cold dead.

The ships sail on, and ships sail in,  
And wealth goes out more wealth to win,  
And love to meet its own;  
But ships go down, and cries go up,  
And wealth inverts her jeweled cap  
Above the dying moan.

A bending sky o'er rippling bay,  
A noble ship with banners gay,  
A voyage to sunny lands,  
A bit of type, a newboy's cry—  
Two hundred soulless bodies lie  
On Carolina sands.

—*Rochester Democrat.*

WIT AND HUMOR.

Baa tender—Spring lamb.

A cultivated ear—An ear of corn.

A regular Turkey-gobbler—Russian.

Bad punctuation for a publisher—Stop my paper.

Is it not fortunate that the furnace fire always burns brighter when it is cooled.

"Hewens of wood and drawers of water!"—Wood engravers and marine painters.

A young man has to take his chances in this world the same as though it was a church fair.

WHAT-ER-FALL was that when a Mollie Maguire rolled out of the penitentiary with a cask-aid!

Good resolutions are like horses. The first cost is an item of less importance than the keeping.